



HOLINESS TO THE LORD  
THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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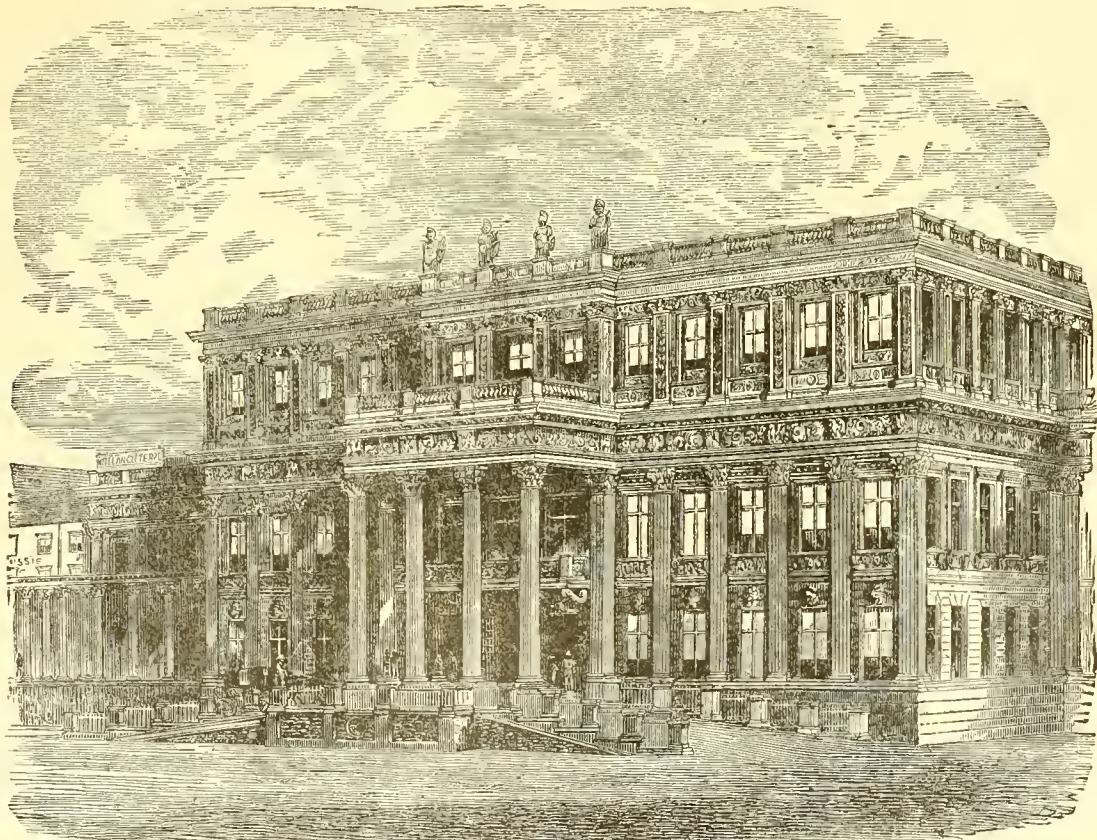
SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1889.

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in advance.

## PALACE OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

THE picture with which the artist has here presented us is that of the Crown

man people. The pitiful story of his incurable throat malady, permitting him after the death of his venerable father only a reign of some ninety days, is still fresh in the public recollection. His heroism was never shown



Prince's palace in Berlin. It is not, as its name might imply, the habitual residence of each successive heir apparent to the throne, but was specially rebuilt for and takes its name from the late Emperor Frederick, Unser Fritz as he was familiarly called by the Ger-

man people. The pitiful story of his incurable throat malady, permitting him after the death of his venerable father only a reign of some ninety days, is still fresh in the public recollection. His heroism was never shown

The palace is beautifully located near the Spree river, fronting on a spacious open place which forms one end of the famous Unter den Linden avenue. Near it are the cathe-

dral where the imperial family go to worship, the old palace of the kings of Prussia with its six hundred apartments, the castle bridge, the royal opera house, the art and mechanical museums, the Berlin University and the elegantly proportioned royal guard house, where the military commandant of the city at noon every day receives reports from his various subordinates, and gives his orders for the ensuing twenty-four hours. A little further removed are the palace of the late Emperor William I., the magnificent equestrian statue of Frederick the Great and the numerous and famous structures which line both sides of the city's grand avenue.

The Crown Prince's palace does not now possess the interest which surrounded it before the recent changes in the ruling family. When we were in Berlin five years ago the old Kaiser was hale and vigorous, his sturdy figure being visible every day at his palace window to return the greeting of the troops as they marched by. His son, Frederick, was in full health and benevolent activity, with every prospect of a long life and a prosperous reign when it should come his time to ascend the throne which his father had established so firmly. His son, who now wields the scepter and whose fiery youth lends such disquiet to the European situation, was rejoicing in the birth of a son, the fourth member of a line of living Kaisers. Then the Crown Prince's palace was a scene of busy life without and within. The two soldiers at the door were kept busy saluting the royal and titled personages who passed in and out of its portals. Carriages were ever driving swiftly up the causeway leading to its entrance, depositing their noble occupants or receiving inmates of the mansion. Besides the royal pair there were a happy family of sons and daughters, all devoted in their love to each other, filled with patriotism toward the fatherland and busy with schemes for the advancement of its people.

But a sorrowful and sweeping change was soon to come. Before the aged ruler passed away his beloved son was a doomed man. He

died at Potsdam, outside the city. There also the youthful ruler who succeeded him, established his headquarters. The beautiful palace may be occupied by the English-born Empress Frederick and her daughters during the time of their residence in Germany; but the glory of the house has departed. The present Crown Prince is an infant in years, and it will be long before he will need a palace for himself. Meanwhile, who can tell what other changes may take place? The world moves swiftly, and even royalty must bend itself to whatever the swinging cycles bring.

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#### A GOSPEL SIGN.

**S**OON after the arrival of Elder P. P. Pratt at Duck River, Hickman Co., Tennessee, which was on June 18th, 1878, there occurred an instance of healing in which the power of God was made manifest—in fulfillment of the promises made in the restoration of the fullness of the gospel to Joseph Smith the youthful prophet, which we think worthy a place in the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the purpose of increasing faith, in the young readers of its pages. By referring to my journal of July 11th, 1878, I find that Elder Pratt and myself were called upon by Brother George Church, (his brother H. W. Church once lived in the 14th Ward, Salt Lake City, and subsequently died in Tennessee while on a mission), to solicit our aid as servants of God. This was in accordance with the instruction of the Apostle James as found in the fifth chapter, 14, 15 verses:

"Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord:

"And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

We were pleased to see faith on the part of the grandfather of the little innocent child, which was less than one year old; but on the

part of the parents, and relatives of the mother of the child we concluded that there was more fear of death than faith in God, as none of them had obeyed the gospel, except the grandfather. Three doctors who had been attending the child had given it up to die. It was a case of consumption, and one in which God's name could be glorified through His servants. George Church, Jr., the father of the child, lived in the vicinity of our lodgings, and when we were called upon to go, horses were procured and we proceeded on our way trusting in the Lord, and exercising faith that He would have compassion and mercy upon the little innocent child for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Our journey led through heavy timber, and the contrast between the forest, and our Rocky Mountain home, was striking and attractive to us. We passed under large, tall white wood trees, nearly as straight as an arrow, and without limbs to the height of about sixty feet, when the towering top spread out with its beautiful foliage. Then there were the sugar maple tree, the hickory, and oak in variety, and in the spring season to add to the variety and fragrance were in many places the red bud—a small tree densely covered with red blossoms and the crab-apple, and wild plumb with white bloom, also wild grapes and blackberry vines stretching out their long arms with their white bloom, but as it was July when we made our journey the blackberry fruit was ripe and bending the vines laden with fruit, for the want of some one to pluck the fine large, wild fruit. Thousands of bushels were going to waste throughout the vast country. As we passed on our way we could but praise God while beholding the beauties of nature and remembering His numerous blessings to us wayfaring Elders.

Under a shady and secluded spot our little party, consisting of Elder P. P. Pratt, grandfather and Brother George Church and myself, bowed in humble prayer before the Lord, and asked in our secret chamber that we might find favor and success in behalf of the

dying child, which it was beyond man's power to save. We felt strengthened and inspired, and casting out fear we soon arrived where the child was and found its father, mother, grandmother and friends weeping with grief and bowed down with sorrow over the little skeleton whose frame was before them. Our hearts were moved in compassion, and it was a propitious time to preach the gospel to those sorrow-stricken parents and friends. After speaking a short time we all knelt down and humbly called upon the Lord in this sore time of sorrow and affliction. While Elder Pratt was anointing the little one he looked up and smiled, which increased our faith and hope; we laid our hands upon him, confirming the anointing, rebuking the disease and asking the Lord to bless and spare the child if it was consistent with His mind and will.

A few days thereafter, Elder Pratt and I started on our journey to the Georgia conference, over two hundred miles distant, on horseback. Soon after returning to Duck river, we met Mr. George Church, Jr., his wife and child at meeting. They said, "Here is our child, well, and doubly as heavy as he was when so sick. God has spared him to us."

This we consider is one among many miracles, and one of the signs which Jesus said should follow true believers.

In 1858, we witnessed a member of the Church in Iowa who was under the doctor's care, and pronounced by him as a dying man, and he was beginning to get cold at his hands and feet, yet this man was healed by being anointed with oil and the laying on of hands and the prayer of faith, and the doctor admitted that the man was healed by some power unknown to him. The Lord said to Joseph Smith the Prophet in a revelation given February 9th, 1831:

"And whosoever among you are sick, and have not faith to be healed, but believe, shall be nourished with all tenderness, with herbs and mild food, and that not by the hand of an enemy. And the elders of the Church, two or more, shall be called, and shall pray for and lay hands upon them in my name; and if they die they shall die unto me, and if they live they shall live unto me. And

it shall come to pass that those who die in me, shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them. And they that die not in me, wo unto them, for their death is bitter.

"He who hath faith to see shall see;  
"He who hath faith to hear, shall hear."

As faith is a gift of God, it becomes us to so live before God as to be in full fellowship with Him, living spotless lives, at peace one with another, this cannot be done without prayer, which is the key to unlock heaven's treasures.

*Edward Stevenson.*

THE STORY OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT.

IT IS true that I am very small, and there have been times in my life when I have felt that I was too insignificant to be of any use in the world; but now when I review my eventful life, I can say with a feeling of thankfulness to my Maker, that I have not lived, wholly in vain.

At the time when in connection with my brethren and sisters I burst forth from the bosom of my mother, although still deriving nourishment from her through her roots and stalk, it was with unbounded wonder that I gazed upon the numerous families of my race occupying the field where I resided.

The fresh air, the dazzling sunlight, the winds that at times bowed us to the earth, the cool, refreshing showers, were all so new and so marvelous. Still we grew on, pushing upwards higher and higher and the world seemed so green and pleasant that we crowded one another, each anxious to become larger than his fellows.

At length, we began to grow hard and to turn yellow; the clothing in which we were wrapped fitted so closely around us that we could hardly see each other or the bright world around us. Here we remained, wondering what was to become of us, until one day we heard men talking about how plump and hard we were and that we should soon be ripe. We knew not what ripeness meant but we felt sure that some great change awaited us, and we strove to be as patient as we could under

the circumstances. Soon crack, shock, down we fell! But we were immediately caught up, rolled together and held tightly in a bundle. This was all so sudden and so strange! No longer did we breathe the pure air as before; now not one particle of nourishment reached us from mother earth which had been so kind.

The sun darted his fierce rays at us and we shrank from his gaze. It seemed as though we would perish but our clothing, which had also become hard, protected us from the fierce heat.

We waited wondering what was to become of us, but soon the bundles that we formed were taken and packed tightly together where neither sun nor air could reach us and again we were left. Here we remained for some time shedding tears of grief over the sad fate that had overtaken us and wondering whether we should be allowed to remain there and grieve ourselves away.

After we had become partly reconciled to our condition and had ceased to grieve, we were again alarmed and thrown into the greatest consternation by being tossed into the mouth of some large monster, which quickly tore all our clothing from us, separated the members of a family from each other and shot us into a large box. This was done so quickly that we scarcely had time to cry out, and before we could recover from our great surprise and shock we were caught up again; families all mixed up together, carried away, and packed much more closely than before and again left to contemplate. What a change! Our clothing all gone, thousands of families mixed together in a close room where scarcely any sunlight and but little air could enter. Still, all this care of us could not be for nothing. Surely we had a destiny; what could it be?

One day, a large portion of our numbers were taken away, and it was whispered that they were to go forth to the field as parents of many others of our race. We sighed at being left, for surely it was a noble calling unto which they were chosen, and we felt that we would gladly have changed places

with them. Little did we know of the still greater work destined for us. At length our turn came, and we were carried off we knew not whither. Oh, how we were beaten and crushed, our skin torn from our flesh and cast aside; and our inner parts, relieved of grosser elements, ground into innumerable fine particles! We could hear ourselves praised as being very fine and white and again we were taken to another place and left to contemplate the wonderful changes of the past and to reflect on the important question:—What can be our destiny?

After remaining for a time in this state, we were taken out and again we were breathless with anxiety. Some other materials were mixed with us and they certainly seemed very nasty. We were pushed and rolled and pasted together until it seemed as though the life was completely knocked out of us, but we had become used to remarkable changes so we bore all with becoming fortitude. Now we found ourselves growing warmer and warmer, and with the heat came renewed energy and increasing strength; so we wrestled and struggled, fermented and grew so fast that our growth in the field, seemed like a snail's pace in comparison. How large we might have grown we know not—but again we were taken, shut in a hot place, oh, much hotter than we had ever before experienced either in field, stack, bin or mill. This great heat stopped our growth, hardened us quickly and wrought in us a greater change than ever. "There, indeed, they are done very nicely," said a lady as we were drawn from that hot oven and again we were allowed time to cool and reflect, "How long shall we be allowed to remain thus," we quietly mused, but soon we were taken and passed into a place more wonderful than ever. We were bitten, chewed up fine, mixed with saliva and quickly passed down a dark channel only to be mixed with other juices and reduced to a pulp finer and sweeter than ever before. A red fluid now caught us and distributed us over the body, and we found ourselves changed to bone, muscle, skin, nerves, and do not think

me vain—we had become possessed of power to think, to will, to act and even now we are directing the muscles of the hand that writes our history. All the changes that have so astounded us have only prepared us for greater things. What our destiny may be we know not, but we have become convinced that "there is no death" but a constant change, the end of which no being knoweth, save it be He who made us and who wisely directs and governs all things.

J. J.

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#### A FABLE.

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Showing the Descent of Ignoble Pride and the Elevation of Humble Merit.

**S**AID a clean plate to a dish cloth, as it leaned back with an indolent air of superiority against the cupboard wall: "Dear me, how you look! Move away from me, I request you."

"Ah me," sighed the dishcloth, "I once was a piece of cloth, unbroken and as white as you. It is the keeping you tidy that has brought me to this complexion. I can remember when, after clearing away the distresses that clouded your face, how you have beamed brightly upon me. Think of the many times I have gone through hot and cold water for you. What would you soon look like without me?"

"Oh," replied the plate, "dishcloths are plenty enough, there's no trouble about that; besides, what have you done more than your duty? Were it not for plates what need would there be of dishcloths? You owe your very existence to the fact of our having a use for you. Be content to fill your proper sphere without repining, and consider it sufficient honor. Your labors are not arduous, we plates bear the burdens and represent your class for you, our very appearance is an acknowledgment that dishcloths are an auxiliary of our private life. Be assured you are where you belong; what else could you have been, anyway?"

Said the meek dishcloth: "I find that I have several answers to make, to what you have just spoken. In simply doing my duty I have been plunged into nauseous floods of dishwater, twisted and wrung in every fibre of my frame and then shaken almost to pieces before I wiped your face, and after all my tortures and labors have hung patiently and conveniently near you on a nail ready at an instant's notice to attend you again. As to owing my existence to the fact of there being china in the world, that is scarcely positive. I was descended from the notable family of Flax and took the preparatory degrees of my class with care and exactitude. I might have become a sheet or a pillow case. Some of my cousins are fine towels and wear the finest borders and fringes, and wait upon the faces of persons instead of plates. Still others of the Flax family are fine table napery and continually mingle among the most distinguished company. A distant branch of our family belongs to the high order of handkerchiefs and laces, and the elegance of their appearance and belongings is seldom surpassed. Although I seldom appear out of this sphere of action my ideas are not confined to it, and on wash days, thanks to the laundress, the fresh air and sunshine refresh me and help me to bear my retired life with, I think, sufficient composure. But for your lofty manner and unkind salutation just now, I would have made no reference to the unpleasant conditions of a monotonous life."

Just here a honeysuckle and a climbing rose on opposite sides of the open window nodded their heads at each other and threw a breath of their sweetest perfume into the patient dishcloth and looked their very brightest and sweetest toward it. A humming bird darted angrily back and forth and seemed to be trying to drown the buzzing questions of a pompous bumble bee with his own noise, and a morning glory vine rung her bells as if calling them to order. A wandering, pirouetting flirt of a whirlwind waltzed by just then, fairly near enough to stir the skirts of the dishcloth, but the noise

startled the dozing cat who, exclaiming "mouse!" jumped from the cook's chair. This sudden movement jarred the cupboard a little and to its dismay, the plate, still in a lounging attitude lost its equilibrium and, staggering vainly, was next moment seen flat on its back with the noonday sun glaring hotly in its face.

"Assist me," it called to the humble partner of its late conversation. Whether the nail clung tenaciously to the dishcloth, or whether the latter was too exhausted by labor and the sadness of a wounded spirit, was not made known to this narrator, but although it seemed to sway gently to and fro as though trying to hitch off and down, the effort was useless. At last the dishcloth replied: "My friend, it is impossible for me to help you in this calamity, your case requires aid from an abler source. Were I near you I could only shield you from the sun but could not lift you. Wait I beg of you with resignation until the cook appears." A contemptuous silence followed. It seemed to the plate just then that the clock glared down upon it and said deliberately: "See there, see there; ha, ha; ha, ha;" and that the teakettle was whistling a most unsympathetic air and the lid dancing a disrespectful jig as much as to say: "I keep myself on my feet, I'm a water drinker."

It had been rumored in the kitchen after a dinner party some time previously that this same fine plate had come from the dining room smelling of brandy or something and the plate's present prone condition apparently revived the unpleasant suggestion.

However, before this went any further and an exoneration or proof of the insinuation was given and thereby all unpleasant feelings between these parties done away with; the cook suddenly entered, accompanied by her mistress with book in hand to superintend the making of a fine pudding. Their remarks soon conveyed the information that a large number of guests were coming to dinner that afternoon.

A happy and triumphant thought occurred

to the plate which caused its breast to expand with exultant pride. "Now! I shall soon be out of this kitchen and into the dining room." But oh, how mistaken can be the most reasonable expectations! The pudding being properly prepared was tied up in a clean linen bag, and the cook (abstractedly perhaps) lifted the prostrate plate and lowered it to the bottom of a large black pot. In its descent a harsh, grating *shriek* was heard which changed to a violent contest between the plate and the boiling water, sounding like mumblings and poundings and thumpings and jumpings. The ironware fraternity averred that the *shriek* was made by the pot, but I affirm that it was the shriek of despair from the sinking plate. The revulsion of feeling consequent upon the dining-room disappointment and the dismay and helplessness while struggling in the boiling waves confirm me in this conclusion. Pots, especially iron pots, are dull objects devoid of that more refined organization of the plate family, and are used to the boiling process. However, the weight of the fine fruit pudding soon settled the struggle and after a lapse of a few moments the lid was lifted up and down evenly to the tune of the delicate steam. Three hours of this terrible ordeal passed unrealized by the kitchen occupants except only, as the proper period of time requisite for the cooking of the pudding. Then with alacrity of movement and the liveliest expressions of solicitude (for the well-being of the pudding) the cook's assistant lifted the steaming, ordorous mass into the platter held in obsequious waiting and whereon it was conveyed with all due haste to the broad table and there liberated from the strained and almost bursting linen which had bound it. After a critical investigation by the kitchen autocrat, consisting of several delicate piercings with golden broom straws, and professional sniffings of the delectable vapors which surrounded its corpulent proportions, a second and grander platter was ordered and being produced with promptitude, the pudding was relegated thereto and carried with

much dignity and suitable accessions to the dining-room. The little scullery maid now proceeded with a skimmer to lift out the plate from the bottom of the pot, when to her surprise she found that it was cracked almost its diameter, and despite the delicate sighs that rose from its o'erclouded face she carried it out and dumped it into the ignoble ash receptacle and then returned as though nothing extraordinary had occurred. The little maid then washed the dishes that encumbered the large table, and having finished, soliloquized: "I always liked this little dish-cloth, and I'm going to wash it clear from suds and hang it among the roses to dry."

That evening when the portly cook was putting away the extra silver table spoons used that day, she spied something through the open window and took it in, saying: "I'm going to lay this clean linen cloth on top of these; it is so white and soft and nice, and I don't care about its being worn all to pieces; it is nearly as fine as a napkin."

From amid the ashes which nearly smothered and blinded the forgotten plate these words of the cook were heard and the tender touches of her hands observed.

Too broken in strength to struggle for assistance, to make an appeal or whisper a farewell, the plate, after watching the little locked box of spoons carried from the kitchen to the dining room safe, sank back among the ashes and was seen no more amid its former associates. But so long as this narrator remained where these incidents occurred, the unpretending dishcloth retained its place of promotion among the family silver.

*Augusta Joyce Crocheron.*

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MODESTY.—Modesty withholds a man from vain boasting, and makes a wise man not to scorn a fool. Certainly the heart of the blushing man is nearer heaven than the brazen forehead, for it is a branch of humility; and when that dies, virtue is upon the wane.

# For Our Little Folks.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

“HERE, Mary, take this horrid mat and put it in the boys’ room; I would not disgrace mine with it: but anything is good enough for them.” The very thought! anything “good enough” for the room that should be the brightest room in the house! The words made me shudder as they fell from the lips of the girl I had always loved; but that changed my mind immediately. Yet I fear there are too many such girls.

Girls, make your brothers’ room the prettiest, neatest room in the house, even if the furniture is poor and common; it is the way it is arranged that makes it cosy. Show them you have a deep interest in them: help make their evenings happy. Teach them to love and trust you; confide in them, and let them return your confidence. They cannot always be with you, for life has many changes; but love and trust them while they stay.

Lead them from places where vice and sin are mingled with the pleasures they will seek at the billiard hall, saloons, etc. Teach them to love home and its inmates. Let them see that a sister’s love is lasting. There are by far too many gamblers and drunkards already. Take care that your brothers fill no drunkard’s grave. Remember the

growth of this work depends much upon the young men; and know for yourselves that a great deal depends upon us as daughters of Zion to help build them up.

We all know that a boy despises confusion and discord; when the day’s labor is ended, throw off all care and frowns; meet father and brothers with a smile, let them see you are grateful for their efforts, and wish to make them happy; let every act be to make them so. Spare no pains to do the best in everything; feel that nothing is too good for “the boys.” Be ready to perform any act that will add to their comfort. Don’t wait for mother to mend a rent, or sew on a button; be ready to do such little helps yourself, for mother has enough care and labor now. And remember that labor is honorable. Don’t slight father or brothers on any account.

And boys, be as ready to love and trust your sister. Let her know a brother’s protecting care. Do not forget her even for the girl of your choice. Shield her from danger, in fact, protect any girl, even at the risk of your own life, if needs be. Learn your duty to a sister and you will know your duty to a wife.

Girls learn to love and cherish your brothers and you will do the same to a husband, and all learn that no home is perfect without love.

Let mother and father see that their children love them. The older ones should teach the younger mem-

bers by example, to respect their parents.

Girls, conduct yourselves in such a manner that the best man living might feel proud to call you his wife. Sacrifice your life if needs be to protect your virtue. Do not form any attachment with a man who drinks, he is not safe to be trusted with a pure love; there are too many drunkards' wives. Reformation is seldom accomplished after marriage, and he who drinks will learn to slight you for liquor.

Teach your brothers that a girl's affections are too holy to be trifled with. It is a sin to trifle with any one's love.

*One of the Girls.*

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#### A TRUE STORY OF A HORSE.

---

A FEW years ago an officer of the army was stationed in Boston. He soon found that his fine horse Charlie, of which he was very fond, would be of no use to him in the city.

So he sent him into the country. In the pasture there were several horses; and among them, one poor, forlorn old horse, called Paddy, who was constantly teased and worried by the other more frisky horses.

When Charlie, who was a superb animal, arrived, what do you suppose he did? Did he join the others in tormenting poor, harmless old Paddy? No, very far from that.

As soon as he saw how the old

horse was treated, Charlie lost no time in making himself his protector. He guarded the trough, and would not let the other horses have a drop to drink until Paddy had had his full share. They all looked up to Charlie, and when they found that old Paddy had such a powerful friend, they gave up their ugly, teasing ways.

So you see it is with animals as it is with men and boys; the truly brave ones always protect the weak. Cowards are only too fond of abusing those not strong enough to defend themselves.

---

#### IN THE DARK.

“MAMA! mama! Bertie can't see you,” cried my little boy one night, waking up in the dark room.

“Here I am, darling,” said I, reaching out my hand to him; and holding it fast in both of his, he cuddled down to sleep again, no longer afraid, though it was dark as ever. And once when I was about to close the shutters in the parlor, he asked, “Mama, give me your hand first, then I sha'n't be 'fraid if it is all dark-ed up.”

And is there no hand for us to cling to, dear children, in the dark hours of life, when we cannot see the way? “Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.”

## THE BEGGAR BOY.

“PLEASE give me a penny!”

You would expect from such an appeal as that to see a pale, wasted, ragged and desolate child, who begged because he was hungry.

But, on the contrary, it was the rosiest, plumpest, most dimple-cheeked little fellow you would care to meet anywhere, somewhat dirty, it is true, as to hands and face, but looking as if he had never had a wish ungratified.

Such a boy it was who begged for a penny, and that boy was Teddy!

The reason for his begging was, to begin with, his papa's friends were in the habit of dropping into his hands pennies for candy. It was very nice to have pennies, and, when they did not come without, he asked for them.

From that he got into the way of asking the first person he happened to meet, and he was usually successful.

When his mama found this out she reproved him, and shamed him, and finally punished him, but all to no purpose; he could not see the harm or disgrace in it.

At last his aunty devised a plan which cured him at the first trial.

She told him if he *would* beg, he might as well have a basket, and go about as other beggars did—little freckle-faced Mary McCarty, for example. This idea did not please him. But one evening, just before tea, when she discovered that he had

a new kite, bought with two pennies which strangers had given him for the asking, she felt it was time to deal with him in earnest.

So she said, “Now, Teddy, you may just as well beg for your supper as for a kite.”

So she put a little old sun-bonnet on him, and pinned a little shoulder-shawl about him, gave him a basket, and told him to start.

He burst out of the door, for he felt obliged to obey, and fled wildly down the street, sobbing as if his heart would break.

He threw the basket from him in a perfect passion of anger and shame, and it would be hard to tell where he might have gone, had not his aunty ran after him and brought him home.

The hateful bonnet was taken off and his tears dried, but he never after that said to anybody, “Please give me a penny!”

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY PUBLISHED IN NO. 8.

1. What request did Sidney Rigdon make of Wm. Marks, President of the Stake, on the afternoon of August 4th? A. To notify the Saints that there would be a special meeting of the Church held on the ensuing Thursday for the purpose of choosing a “guardian.”

2. Was Marks in sympathy with Rigdon? A. Yes; and it suited him exactly to have this meeting held.

3. What did Dr. Richards pro-

pose? A. To wait until the Twelve Apostles returned.

4. What was Marks reply? A. That Prest. Rigdon wanted the meeting on Tuesday, but he had put it off till Thursday.

5. How did he justify the haste in calling the meeting? A. By saying that Rigdon was some distance from his family, who were in Pittsburg, and he wanted to know if the Saints had anything for him to do.

6. What did he design doing if the Saints had nothing for him to do? A. He wanted to go on his way, for he said there was a people numbering thousands and tens of thousands who would receive him; he wanted to visit the branches of the Church around, but he had come here first.

7. Should the fact of an Elder in the path of duty being a distance from his family deter him from taking sufficient time to attend to his duties? A. No.

8. What was the real cause of his desire to hurry matters? A. He was in hopes of carrying out his designs before the Twelve Apostles could reach Nauvoo. It was no part of his scheme to wait for them.

9. How did the leading Elders feel about the matter? A. They were all dissatisfied with the appointment of a meeting in so hurried a manner. The Apostles were soon expected home, and to have a meeting before their arrival seemed like a plot to take advantage of the situation of the Saints.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 8: Emma E. Tolman, Julia A. Tolman, Annie Sylvia Sessions, Samantha Sessions, Heber C. Blood and Henry H. Blood.

#### QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Who called to see Sidney Rigdon the morning after the meeting?
2. What did he agree to do?
3. How did he act and what did he say in this meeting?
4. What effect did these remarks have upon Elder George A. Smith?
5. What did he say regarding the matter?
6. What did the result prove?
7. What did Sidney Rigdon say just before he left the council?
8. Did the result show how much confidence could be placed in his word?

#### THE LESSON.

LITTLE one, little one,  
They say life is hard;  
Thou wilt hear this old story  
From preacher and bard.  
Little one, listen,  
I'll tell thee a way  
To make thy life easy  
Through night and through day.  
  
Little one, little one,  
Down in thy heart,  
Is a voice true and earnest,  
Unspoiled and apart.  
It speaks to thee always;  
Always obey;  
Then life will be easy  
Through night and through day.

# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1889.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### Our Stake Academies.



THE appointment of a General Board of Education, by the General Conference, to look after the school interests of the Latter-day Saints, is a measure that is likely to be attended with grand results. Already academies have sprung up in different Stakes of Zion in which large numbers of children are being educated. Although these academies have not had many advantages, and have had to contend with some difficulties, the principal one being lack of funds, the universal testimony is that they have been of great benefit where they have been established.

We heard a President of Stake, who has had a very extensive experience in public labors, say that he had enjoyed his labors in connection with the Stake Board of Education and the academy established in his Stake more than almost any labor that had ever occupied his attention. He had seen the good effects which were manifest, and they had filled him with delight.

We can speak of the members of the General Board, and the great interest and pleasure which they take in connection with their duties in that capacity. These duties are subjects of ever-increasing interest, and there is everything to encourage them in persevering in the labors assigned them.

The effect upon the rising generation, who will have the privilege of attending academies organized by the Stake Boards of Education, cannot be fully estimated. We anticipate the grandest results therefrom. Happy will be the generation that will receive such train-

ing as is now contemplated in connection with these schools, for not only will they receive a thorough education in the various branches taught in the best schools of learning; but, in addition, they will receive sound instruction in the principles of the gospel.

Religious principles will receive the attention which they merit in the system of education now proposed to be given. Faith will be implanted in the minds of the children. They will be taught how to exercise faith and how to obtain knowledge through its power. They will be taught the fear of God—which, we are told, is the beginning of wisdom—and the laws of righteousness, and be grounded in the principles of eternal salvation.

An education of this kind will be priceless in value. When a true foundation of faith and understanding of the gospel is laid in the hearts of the children, then they can go on adding knowledge to knowledge until they become proficient in all the branches of education, and this, too, without the danger of becoming infidels, which is too apt to be the case when young people receive their education in the ordinary schools and colleges of the country.

The aim of the General Board of Education is to have academies established at convenient places throughout these mountains. There will doubtless be at least one university where an education can be obtained in the higher branches of learning. It is hoped that a first class high school education can be obtained at the Stake academies, and that at the university a full collegiate education can be acquired. The hope is entertained that there will be no necessity hereafter for any young man to go east or west, away from home, to obtain a collegiate education, but that in our Church university every branch will be taught necessary to equip pupils for every department of life.

It is the design, also, of the General Board to confer degrees upon the pupils, and to make our institutions of learning equal in this respect to the colleges established elsewhere. When this is done young men need

not go elsewhere to graduate in order to obtain a degree.

It is designed to keep constantly in view the important point to make education as cheap as possible, so that the children of those who may be in poor circumstances shall not be excluded from the benefits thereof. It may be sometime before the prices will be reduced as low as the district schools, for they have support from taxes, but the aim is to cheapen education, so that every poor boy and girl, who has a desire to obtain a sound education at the Stake academies, can have the privilege.

The district schools are likely to be in possession of funds to make education very cheap. In some districts it is quite likely they will be able to make schools free, because of the large share of school funds which they will receive. It is too much to expect that we can put the Church schools in this position for sometime, yet we have made a start, and there is no doubt that as our people become awakened to the advantages of this system of education, and see the good effects which flow therefrom, many will feel disposed to aid these institutions by donations and bequests and pecuniary aid in other shapes.

No true Latter-day Saint can contemplate the results which will flow from the establishment of these institutions without feeling satisfaction and pleasure at the prospect. To give a child an education in such an institution of learning is better than to leave him a sum of money, or to give him other property. Wise parents, therefore will feel to be liberal in this direction, and to spend means in qualifying their children for lives of usefulness and honor, for the money thus spent will be well invested. When the education is received the child cannot squander it, but if it had a bequest of money that might be easily spent.

We think it altogether likely that parents throughout the country will take this view of education, and will feel that in sending their children to these academies they are doing

what it is their duty, as parents, to do—to give them a good endowment to start life with. We sincerely hope that the expectations which have been formed concerning the results of this system of education will be fully realized, and that we shall have flourishing schools throughout all this mountain region where the children of the Latter-day Saints can receive a thorough education in all the principles of their religion, and in every branch of useful knowledge.

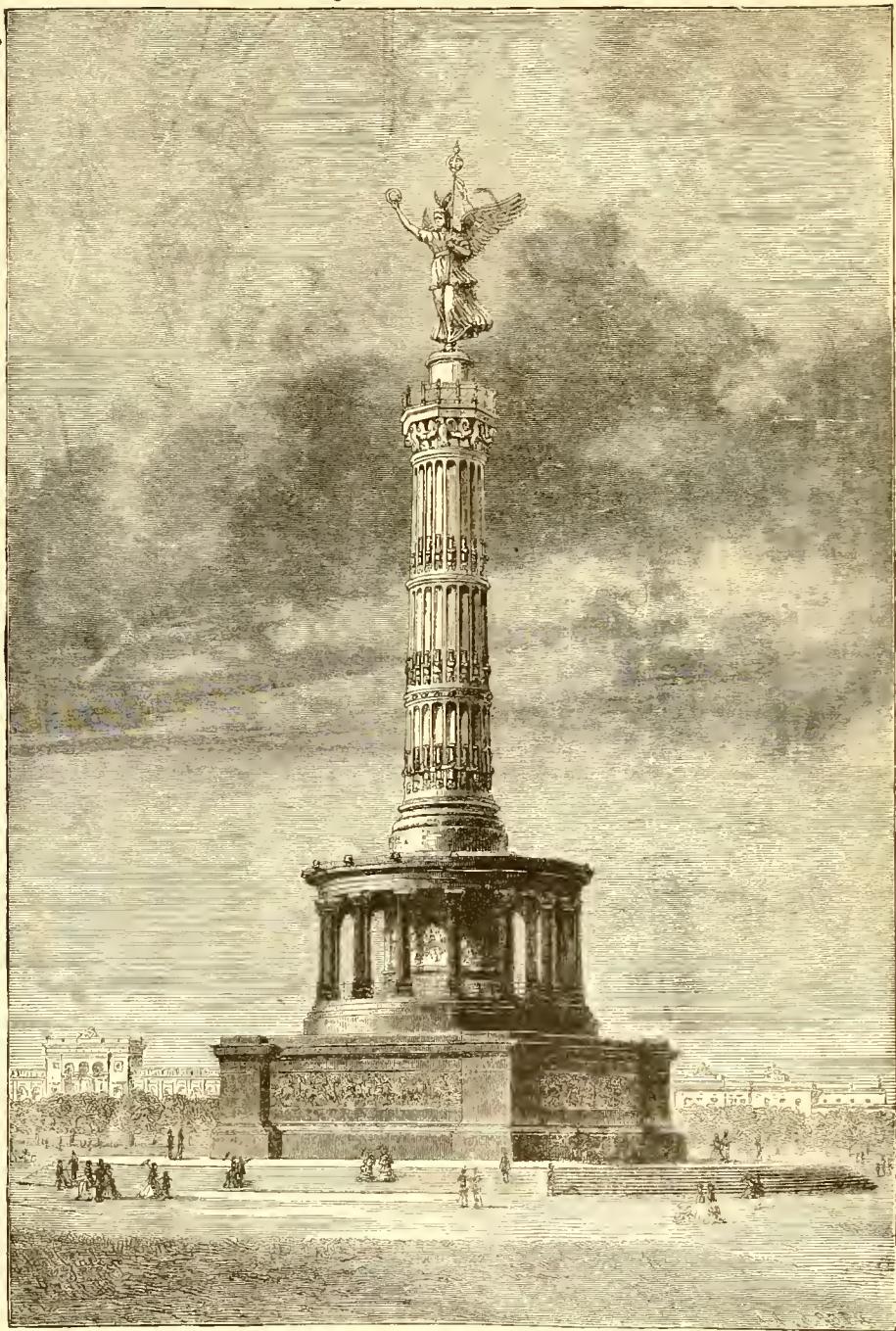
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#### AN OBJECT OF FRENCH DETESTATION.

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**W**HEN the time comes, if it ever does, in the military exploits of the future, that the French army shall victoriously enter the German capital, it is more than probable that one of the first objects of demolition will be the beautiful monument which is shown in our engraving. The sight of it has almost the same effect upon a Frenchman as that aroused in an infuriated bull, by the waving of a red cloth in front of his eyes. Though a beautiful column it will adorn the delightful suburban garden of Berlin only so long as the French are unable to successfully cope with their old enemies. What, do you ask, is the cause of this feeling concerning an inanimate object? If you will carefully look at the three divisions of the shaft you will observe in the flutings of the column near the base of each, some small objects. These are sixty unmounted cannon—the trophies of victory in the late wars of Germany with Denmark, Austria and France.

Of these nations Denmark is too weak to very loudly protest against this constant public reminder of her defeat; Austria, because of a partial reconciliation with its old opponent, has ceased to feel humiliated at the sight; but France, that country which has so wonderfully recovered from the effects of the disastrous Franco-Prussian war, and already feels herself a match for the Teutons, still smarts under the insult which it is thought is implied in the monument of victory.



THE MONUMENT OF VICTORY, BERLIN.

This beautiful structure was erected in the year 1874, and is composed of dark-red polished granite, sandstone and bronze. The four sides of its massive base are ornamented with scenes of triumph of Germany's most recent wars, executed by the most eminent

artists of the empire. On one side is a representation of the closing battle in 1864 of the war with Denmark. On another side is the noted battle of Koniggratz with Austria, in which the late Emperor Frederick III., then crown prince, took so prominent and successful a part. On the third side is presented a view of the battle of Sedan in 1870; while on the fourth side is shown the successful entry of troops into Paris at the close of the war. Within the row of columns and the shaft proper is an allegorical picture in mosaic, representing the victory of 1870 and the establishment of the German empire. The crowning piece of the monument is a gilt figure holding in an extended hand a crown for the victors.

A little to the left of the column may be seen in the picture the Brandenburg Gate, which stands at one extremity of the noted German boulevard *Unter den Linden*. Through this massive pile are five passages—three for conveyances and two for pedestrians. The middle archway is reserved for the exclusive use of the carriages of the royal family, and a guard from the army is constantly there to see that the regulations are observed. The gate is built of sandstone, and is surmounted by a copper group of four horses attached to a car and driven by victory. This group was taken to Paris by the French after their successes in the year 1807, but was again returned to Berlin in 1814 when reverses met the French army. Will it ever again go to Paris? It is not impossible that it will, together with some remnants of the Monument of Victory. If French desires and hopes are prophetic of the future, Berlin will yet be sacked by Frenchmen and its richest treasure will be conveyed to the west to adorn the fine capital, Paris.



WE are to resign all human succors, that we may obtain divine support, and divest ourselves of mortal arms, if we desire to become invincible.

#### THE BOOK OF MORMON LAND.

##### XIV.—Whence Came the Old Civilization.



GREAT deal of speculation has existed at times among archæologists as to the manner in which America was first peopled.

A great many theories have been advanced but none of them have been wholly satisfactory, or possessed evidence enough to justify their acceptance.

The theory most generally believed is that this continent was first peopled by emigrants from Asia who came here *via* Behrings Strait. This view is strengthened by the fact that there are still a people living in that part of Asia who bear a striking resemblance to the American tribes. There are one or two points connected with this theory that causes us to question whether it is tenable or not.

1st. Was the climate anciently as it is now? If so, the emigrants after crossing the straits would have had a journey of two thousand miles or more to perform, across a cold, bleak, barren waste before reaching the inhabitable parts of the United States or Canada?

2nd. If they came by boats or vessels they would have made a landing as soon as they reached a region suitable in climate; this would have occurred somewhere along the coast of California or Washington. It must be remembered that the oldest civilization was the best. Now if they had built their first cities on the coast, a long time must have elapsed before they grew sufficiently strong to send out new colonies, in which event, the center of their civilization would have been located there, and there would still be remains of it existing. This would have been true, had the first settlement been made in Alaska or Manitoba. Just as it is shown that the highest development of our civilization is on the Atlantic seaboard where our race first reached this continent. From the fact that no ruins are found in Alaska, Manitoba, or on the Pacific coast, we are of the opinion

that America was not first peopled from that direction.

Another theory is, that the Malays once built up a great empire on the Pacific islands. The capital of this empire is said to have been located on the island of Java, where ruins of it are still found. Baldwin says, "It is by no means improbable that their ships visited the western coast of America, but they did not come here as civilizers, there is nothing Malayan in either the antiquities or the ancient speech of these countries." This Malay empire was still flourishing when the Portuguese first went to India, but at that time they seem to have known nothing of this continent.

There are indications that many of the Pacific islands were inhabited by a distinct race from the Malays. The Sandwich Islands are an example of these islands. While traces of Malay influence are found, the predominating feature represents the aboriginal Americans rather than the Malays so that it would seem that instead of the Malays peopling America, the islands of Polynesia were originally peopled by immigrants from this continent. This is the more probable since ruins of pyramids are found on the Sandwich Islands that are exactly the same as those found in Central America, and the manner of dressing the stone and style of architecture is very like that which we have described at Tiahuanuco. A huge stone table was also found on these islands very like the one that is found in the valley of the Magdalena; immense blocks of stone were also found reminding us of those in the walls at Cuzco and Tiahuanuco.

It will be remembered that two Nephite vessels bound from Panama Bay to some point on the North American coast were carried away and were never heard of more. It is not unlikely that these vessels were carried out among the Pacific islands. This seems a reasonable conclusion since the prevailing winds in those seas are from the northeast; thus, too, the ocean currents would serve as agents to accomplish that end. Not long

since a bottle was thrown into the sea off the American coast and was picked up four hundred and fifty-five days later among the Feejee Islands having drifted six thousand seven hundred miles in that time, or nearly fifteen miles a day.

Another theory is that there existed anciently a large island in the midst of the Atlantic west of Spain and to the north of Africa. This was the Atlantis of the old books. This island was engulfed by a great convulsion of nature, and its inhabitants all perished except a few who escaped to America and became its first settlers. The theory is rather fanciful, but has many supporters nevertheless.

There are others who find the Americans distinct from any other race and claim the civilization from which they descended had its beginning on this continent, as the Adamatic races had theirs on the eastern continent. On this subject Mr. Baldwin says, "The civilized life of the ancient Mexicans and Central Americans may have had its original beginning somewhere in South America, for they seem more closely related to the ancient South Americans than to the wild Indians north of the Mexican border, but peculiar development of it represented by the ruins, must have begun in the region where they are found. I find myself more and more inclined to the opinion that the aboriginal South Americans are the oldest people on this continent; that they are distinct in race; and that the wild Indians of the north came originally from Asia where the race to which they belong seems still represented by the Koraks and Chookchees found in that part of Asia which extends to Behring's Strait."

According to Mr. Baldwin there must have been two red races created, as he makes one indigenous to Asia and the other to America. For reasons above given we do not believe America was peopled, or that our Indians ever came from Asia *via* Behring's, but do believe that as our Indians spread over the northern parts of the continent and occupied Alaska, that it is probable a straggling tribe

or two crossed to Asia and became the Koraks and Chookchees now found there. We believe in but one creation, and therefore think that there was but one red race created. "All the evidence of science tends to the conclusion that each well-marked species has spread from some one center of creation." This being the case it is evident that the red men of America, Asia, and Polynesia, *all spread from one center and belong to the same family.*

We confess that there are slight differences in color, form and features, but only such as would naturally take place between members of any one family during a long period of separation, subject to the different food, climates and conditions. "We know," says Argyle, "that changes of climate and of food do produce upon mankind some modifications of color and of features." But the changes that are noted among the various branches of the red race are not nearly so great as among those of whom Max Muller said, "There was a time when the ancestors of the Celts, the Germans, the Slavonians, the Greeks and Italians, the Persians and Hindoos were living together beneath the same roof."

It is evident that the American races were all of the same family for the following reasons: They were all of one color. They had the same manner of burying their dead. They were all beardless. They had the same religion. With the exception of the Toltecs and Aztecs, they had the same mode of computing time. They all used adobes for building purposes. They had the same mode of weaving cloth. Their architecture was similar. Their decorations and ornaments were similar. They had the same manner of hardening copper until it became like steel. Their weapons of war were the same. Their marriage customs were similar. Their crockery and tools were the same. In fact we know of no differences only such as we might expect after a long separation, and these differences, be they few or many, show nothing more or less than the length of time that has passed since the various tribes broke loose

from the one central government, or spread from one common center of civilization.

If this reasoning be correct, and it certainly seems probable, where was the original beginning of this peculiar race? Squires locates it in the region around Lake Titicaca, South America, and many others look upon the Inca civilization as indigenous. It must have been implanted, but from where or how no one is able to say.

The Book of Mormon gives the solution. It builds up its civilization where the oldest ruins are now found. It brings that civilization from the south towards the north, and spreads it over the whole Mississippi valley. These ruins today indicate plainly that our mound builders came from the south. They show that they reached the Mississippi by way of Texas and that the most populous communities were at the south. Colonies advanced northward into Ohio and other northern states, but the further north and east you go the ruins are less numerous, indicating a smaller population, just as we would expect to find on the frontiers of such a nation. Had the Book of Mormon made no claims as a divine work, we believe it would have been accepted as the best history of ancient America extant; but this generation have resolved apparently to reject anything and everything that puts forth a claim to divine origin.

Hagoth.

#### A GOOD INVESTMENT.

**S**EVERAL winters ago a woman was coming out of a public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little street urchin sprang to the rescue, and, as he held open the door, she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

"D'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady said 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation, the lady turned and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holidays."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said:

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little, forgotten incident, and told her that that simple "*Thank you*" awakened his ambition to be something in the world. He went and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns most satisfactory.

#### GOOD TEACHING REWARDED.

**A** GOOD teacher creates a good student, for he not only discovers in the unpromising youth capacity, but he finds means to develop it. One of the most brilliant members of the French Academy was a dull scholar in early years. Such was his stupidity, that the professors at the College Stanislas, where he was a student, declared they could do nothing with him. The young man was on the point of giving up his studies, when Prof. Uzanand, of the Institute of France, became interested in him, and determined to break his lethargy. After some months he succeeded completely. The young man, spurred to vigorous efforts by the kindness and tact of his teacher, conquered his slowness, became an enthusiastic student, and now stands among the foremost men of France.

#### EVENING HYMN.

O God, before we go to rest,  
We bow to Thee with prayer and praise,  
And thank Thy name that we are blest  
To know the truth in latter days.

If we have erred in word or deed  
During this day to anyone,  
We now before Thee humbly plead  
For pardon, through Thy blessed Son.

Lead us, O Father, day by day,  
In pleasant paths of peace and love;  
And may it be our guide and stay,  
Thy Holy Spirit from above.

Be lenient, Father, with our foes;  
Forgive the wrongs they blindly do;  
They yet may learn to love Thy laws,  
And deeds of righteousness pursue.

Bless ev'ry effort made by man  
To stem the tide of human woe;  
And give the wayward light to scan  
The worth and weight of truth below.

Withhold Thy judgments, Righteous One,  
Till all shall hear the word of God;  
And e'en when scourging must be done,  
Add mercy to the chastening rod.

O Lord, accept of us this night,  
Let holy ones our guardians be,  
Till with the morrow's happy light  
We wake again to worship Thee.

J. C.

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.



**A** T IS frequently the case that our Elders are requested to show some sign, or perform some miracle in order to furnish evidence that the work we are engaged in is the work of God. Some of our own young people, also, express a desire to obtain evidence of the divinity of the work.

Different minds are impressed in different ways. That which is evidence to one mind may not prove evidence to another. Yet the Lord has not left His work without evidences to convince every mind. Every human being, who sincerely desires to know whether this is the work of God or not, can obtain proof of a character that cannot be disputed that this is the work of God.

The highest and best evidence which men

and women can obtain is the testimony of the Spirit of God. This brings home to the mind of man the truth of heaven in the strongest possible manner. It is the most satisfactory ; it is the least liable to deception ; it is the most enduring, and admits of the least question of any other proof concerning the divinity of the work.

Men may see the sick healed. They may behold miracles of other kinds performed, but these are not so strong and so convincing as the testimony which the Spirit gives. These testimonies appeal to the outer senses. But the outer senses may be deceived by tricks and in various ways, but the inner consciousness is more difficult to deceive.

It is on this account, doubtless, that the Saints are exhorted to seek for the Spirit of the Lord, and that Spirit is promised and bestowed, without exception, upon every faithful member of the Church.

The proofs of the divinity of the work of God, however, are exceedingly abundant. Everything that is pure and holy and God-like comes from our great Creator. Keeping this in mind, we have the means of testing all systems. No matter where a truth is found it is from God.

The gospel of the Lord Jesus, as revealed in these last days, and taught by His Elders, is the fullness of truth. There is nothing connected with the gospel, or that is taught by the Elders of the Church, that is not pure and elevating in its character. This, of itself, so far as it goes, is an evidence which should help to satisfy inquirers that these principles are from God ; for all that is good comes from Him.

Another evidence of the divinity of this work, and of God's care over it, is found in the existence of the Church itself. What man-made system could have lived through the trials and survive the attacks which have been made upon the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints ? That this Church is a living organization today is of itself a stupendous miracle. Had not the power of God been with it to sustain and deliver it, it

would inevitably have perished. We have only to look back on the history of the past thirty years to be satisfied of this.

Since the days when President James Buchanan sent the army to Utah there has been a warfare waged against the Church that has continued with scarcely any cessation up to the present time. The officers which have been sent to our Territory have, in the majority of cases, been selected because they were our enemies. In the majority of instances these officers have seen that they would be more likely to retain their positions by being our enemies than by being our friends. The most of them have done everything in their power to overthrow the system of religion which the Saints believe in. But it is not only the officers that have been adverse to us ! Scheme after scheme has been framed for the purpose of checking our growth and of breaking us up as a community. Some of these have been accepted by Congress, and been enacted into law. A hostile public opinion has been fostered until it has been willing to justify and sanction almost any outrage that might be perpetrated upon us.

Through this hostile public opinion, and the laws which it has sustained Congress in enacting, hundreds of men have been sent to prison in Utah, Idaho and Arizona. Families have been broken up, heavy fines have been imposed. If such treatment had been extended to other communities the consequences would have been ruinous.

Probably our numbers in these mountains do not exceed two hundred and fifty thousand. Our nation numbers sixty millions. While a great many of these sixty millions would not harm us, those who have had the power have used it, to a great extent against us. Let anyone imagine what the effects would be upon the people of Montana, for instance, if such a warfare were adopted against them that our people have had to suffer from. Montana would be broken up as a territory. All business would be suspended ; enterprise of every kind would be ruined, and real estate would lose its value. But

what are the facts connected with us? We are as strong today as we ever have been. Our union is as great, and we are prospering, despite all these adverse influences and these violent attacks upon us.

To my mind this is miraculous. It seems to me that every honest man, inquiring after the truth, would recognize the hand of God in all these things. He would be compelled to acknowledge that no power of man could have sustained the Latter-day Saints during the last thirty years, and that there must have been superhuman assistance given to them, or they would have been overwhelmed and broken up as a people. What other conclusion could any reflecting, discerning person arrive at? For nowhere else on the face of the earth are such results witnessed. Let the power of the United States be turned against any other community, as it has been against us, and cannot every honest person see and acknowledge what their fate would be?

Evidences, therefore, of the divinity of this work are not hidden. They are numerous, and all the world, if they choose to open their eyes, can perceive them.

The world will be left without excuse for rejecting the gospel of the Lord and the work of God in these last days. Not only has Joseph Smith been proved to be the Prophet of God, but all the Elders who have labored in the ministry have had their promises confirmed by the pouring out of the Spirit of God upon all those who have obeyed the gospel; and in addition to these evidences, there are these open, notable and extraordinary manifestations which all observers can see for themselves, evidences which prove that the Latter-day Saints receive peculiar blessings and enjoy peculiar manifestations of divine favor.

How any of our young people can be so blind as not to perceive these things is extraordinary. I have often remarked that it requires more of an effort to not believe in the divinity of this work than it does to understand and acknowledge the evidences which are in its favor. But the difficulty

with many people is that they yield to doubt. They are willing to accept darkness and the deceptions of the adversary rather than to resist them and to ask the Lord for the proofs which He is so willing to give.

This is a deplorable condition to be in, but it shows the power which Satan has over the hearts of the children of men. I trust that the boys and girls who read the JUVENILE will seek to the Lord and implore Him to give them the testimony of His Holy Spirit, that it may continually be with them. When they receive it and it dwells with them, their eyes will be opened to see by the manifestations which He gives that He is the founder of this work, and they will perceive these and rejoice in them every day that they live, for they abound on every hand.

*The Editor.*

#### NED'S TRIAL.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 214.]

THE problems were written out and the papers handed to the boys just as they started, and Ned observed that Philip put his paper into a small blue portfolio, in which it was his habit to carry his pencils, exercises and various articles he considered too precious to trust to his books or pockets.

As soon as Ned reached home he sat immediately down to his algebra. Four examples were plodded through, worked to the end and proved; but the fifth refused to bring any logical result. Time after time Ned cleaned off his slate and began anew, but all in vain. Something was wrong; either he had forgotten part of the rule or else Mr. Leedom had not stated the problem correctly. In his despair he suddenly flung his books aside, and hiding his face on his arms, burst into tears.

"Why Ned!" said his mother, glancing up from her work, "what in the world is the matter? I see, you are completely tired out."

"No, no, mother, but something is wrong about this last example—I cannot do it and I have tried for two hours. Now Philip

Garret is sure of the prize; oh! how I hate him!"

"Hush, hush, my son," said Mrs. Pearce, frightened by the boy's tone and face.

"I do, mother. He has everything. He is rich and smart—not one of the fellows but will do his bidding, ay! and the girls too—except little Marion Davis. But that's not why I hate him."

"No I should hope not, but why is it?"

"Oh, mother, I never meant to tell you. Oh! I can't express it, but—but—I feel he is such a coward, and I am not strong enough to thrash him. Now he will get the prize; he who has everything—to whom \$10 is nothing, and I intended to get you a new cloak with it!"

"Come Ned," said Mrs. Pearce firmly but kindly. "I am going to send you out for a run. You have worked too hard and not played enough lately, go out now. See! Here is Miss Jackson's dress just finished, you carry it home there's a good fellow, and then take a walk. When you come back and get your supper, you will be able to conquer many things which now seem over-powering." She thrust his cap on his head, the bundle into his arms and pushed him to the door. He went reluctantly enough, his mind still occupied with "exponents" and "powers," striving in vain to recall some idea by which the stubborn problem might be solved. But he was only a boy, and by the time he had delivered his bundle he was yielding to the unconscious influence of air and exercise.

Trotting along, his ear was caught by the sound of boyish voices at the pond, and his first impulse was to cross the field and join his schoolmates, but the next moment he heard Philip's voice and laugh, clear and high above all others, so he turned hastily into a by-path, which, as it happened, led past the school house. Glancing down, idly, he saw before him—just where he had almost put his foot on it—a small, blue portfolio. It seemed strangely familiar, as he stooped to pick it up and it flashed across him that it was Philip's, that he had last seen it in

Philip's hands when he put the algebra questions into it. His breath came quick and fast, as he guessed that Philip had lost it on his way home, and that in it was the paper on which hung all his chances for the prize. Half mechanically he opened it, yes, there was the name, "Philip Garret," written, printed, scribbled, in every style, and exposed to view was Mr. Leedom's neatly written paper of algebraic problems. Ned closed the portfolio with a wild feeling of exultation. "Here is your chance," something seemed to say, "Philip has lost his paper, he cannot do his examples and the prize is yours."

"But" said Reason, "Mr. Leedom will give him another trial."

"No, he will not, he hates carelessness, and besides the time is too short. The prize is yours! The prize is yours!"

"But ought I not to take the paper to Philip?" said Conscience.

"What nonsense! You do Philip a favor—Philip who has never ceased to torment you since the first day he came to Mr. Leedom's! When did he ever fail to be unkind to you? What favor does he show you?"

In the midst of his confusion there came before the eyes of his mind, the face of little Marion Davis, as she pleaded with him to forgive Philip, and he heard her sweet voice explaining her idea of "doing good to them that despitefully use you." Oh, what should he do!

He grew dizzy with the pain of undecision. All that was noble in his nature rose to do battle with the evil passions of revenge and hate. It lasted but a few moments, for then, gathering himself together, he broke out, "Well I hate him none the less, but I can not keep his papers—I should despise myself." Throwing his head up proudly, he turned back. Slowly he made his way to the pond where the boys were skating. They were all gathered on the bank watching the efforts of two young men, who were trying to out-do each other in fancy feats on the ice. Ned walked to Philip, and hesitatingly stood waiting to find words to speak to him.

Unfortunately his head interfered with Philip's view of the skaters. "Hello Rag-bag, can't you stand out of my way?" he shouted. "What business have you here anyhow?"

Ned flushed and then turned deadly pale. "I came Philip to bring you this, which I found in Connor's Lane." He held out the blue portfolio and moved away before Philip recovered from the shock which came with the first knowledge that it and its precious contents had been so nearly lost.

"Ned, Ned," he called, running after him, "I am very much obliged to you, you don't know what a favor you have done me. My algebra was in that book."

"I knew it," said Ned gruffly; he could not bear Philip's thanks, he wanted to rush off by himself and have a good cry. He shook off Philip's touch, and in answer to his renewed thanks, muttered "all right, all right," but Philip persisted a little too long. Ned lost his self control and turned fiercely about, to say, "I don't want your thanks, I did not do it to please you. I did it because I know the prize will be yours—and Rag-bag though I am, I am too much of a gentleman to cheat you out of it!"

Breaking away, he ran home, to astonish his mother with his pale tear-stained face. There was no help for it now. He told the story of his long submission to Philip's taunts, of his temptation and resistance. His mother listened with the sympathy and full understanding which only a mother can give, blaming herself secretly for her blindness as to the state of affairs, and cut to the heart at that part of his suffering which she felt so powerless to cure.

Ned felt immeasurably better as they talked over the tea table, the very act of speaking seemed to relieve his mind, and after supper he took up his algebra once more. Alas! alas! his work brought no result, and he went to school next morning with an aching sense of disappointment, but in spite of it, quite happy in his secret feeling that his mastery over himself out-weighed the shame of failure.

There were the usual exercises for the last day before the holidays. But after the reading and recitals were over, Mr. Leedom called the classes to order, and amidst a breathless silence began: "You all know that the prize Mr. Adams offered has been sharply contested. Day by day you saw boys of high merit fail, until but two competitors—Philip Garrett and Ned Pearce were left. You know, too, how even was that race between them, so much so that when they went home last night, I did not know how to decide between them. You remember, that as a last test I gave them each five examples to do at home. This morning when they brought back the work, I found Philip's answers were all correct, but I discovered that, in some way, I had made a mistake in writing out the last one of Ned's questions, and my blunder made it impossible for him to solve the problem. It is manifestly unjust that Ned should suffer for my carelessness and so after consultation with Mr. Adams. I have decided to let him have another chance, and if he is then as successful as Philip we will divide the prize between them."

Philip rose hastily. "If you please, Mr. Leedom—may I say a word? I want to tell you that the prize really belongs to Ned. I ought not to have it even if my answers were right; I lost my paper yesterday, and Ned found it for me—although he knew at the time that he could not do his work." Here Philip choked in his eagerness and excitement. While Ned, almost as much excited said, "No, Mr. Leedom! No, Philip! the prize is not mine, until I have earned it—neither the whole nor the half of it. If you will let me try again I shall be glad."

"That is right," said Mr. Leedom quietly, and began at once to dictate a problem which Ned took down, and then retired into the next room to work out.

While he was gone Philip told the story of the portfolio, with boyish enthusiasm, and when Ned returned triumphant, with his answer proved, he found himself the center of a group of schoolmates, all eager to con-

gratulate him on earning half the prize. Philip was among the first, and as they shook hands the impetuous boy stammered, "Oh, Ned, I can never forgive myself for the way I have treated you. I hope you will give me a chance to show you how sorry I am."

Ned could only hold out his hand again as his answer.

A. R. R.

—♦—♦—♦—  
A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

THE following, which appeared in a *Detroit* paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with.

There is a family in this city who are dependent at this moment upon a little child for all the present sunshine of their lives. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die.

The question arose among them who would tell her. Not the doctor! Not the aged mother, who was to be left childless and alone. Not the young husband who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious heart. Not—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely :

"Is mamma doin' to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and up-stairs as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman.

—♦—♦—♦—  
THY PEOPLE WHEN OPPRESSED, O LORD.

WORDS BY JOHN LYON.

Duett.

MUSIC BY IPSE DIXIT.

Thy peo-ple when op - pressed, O Lord, Still hope and trust in Thee, For

They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma," he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, "is you 'fraid to die?"

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked faintly.

"Doctor, an' papa, and gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear, 'ittle mamma, doan' be 'fraid to die, 'ill you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; "no, mamma won't be afraid!"

"Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma, teep hold my hand—an', an' when you open 'em, mamma, it'll be all light there."

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

"Hu-s-h! My mamma doan' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!"

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting; for when the young mother woke she had passed beyond, and as baby Charlie said: "It was all light there."

—♦—♦—♦—  
IT often happens that men who arraign religion have often been arraigned by it; and their defence of truth is only a refusal upon conscience.

Thou hast pledged Thy faith - ful word Their safe-guard still to be, And

tho' the threat'ning clouds may low'r and darkness shroud the earth, They know there is a the earth

com- ing hour, an end - less day of mirth A - wait - ing all the of mirth

Saints of God who bore the per- se - cu-tor's rod the per- se - cu - tor's rod.

They then shall see the glorious sun  
 Again in splendor rise ;  
 They'll be all those who lived and won  
 The Saints' immortal prize.  
 The meek, the loving and the just,

Th' forgiving and the pure,  
 Who put in God their only trust  
 For patience to endure ;  
 These shall enjoy thro' endless years  
 Rewards for losses, blood, and tears.

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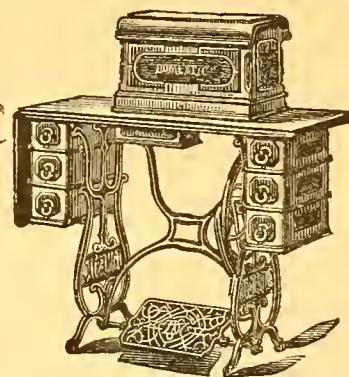
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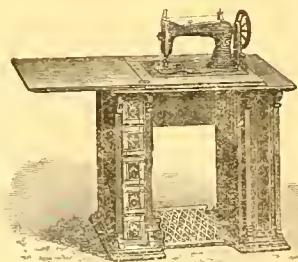
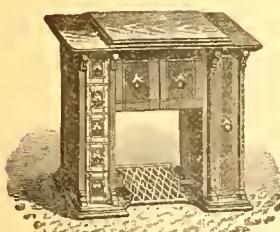
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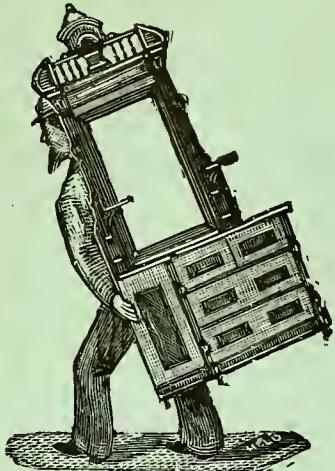
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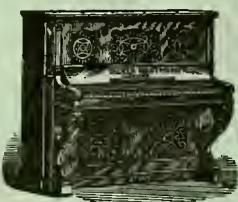
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